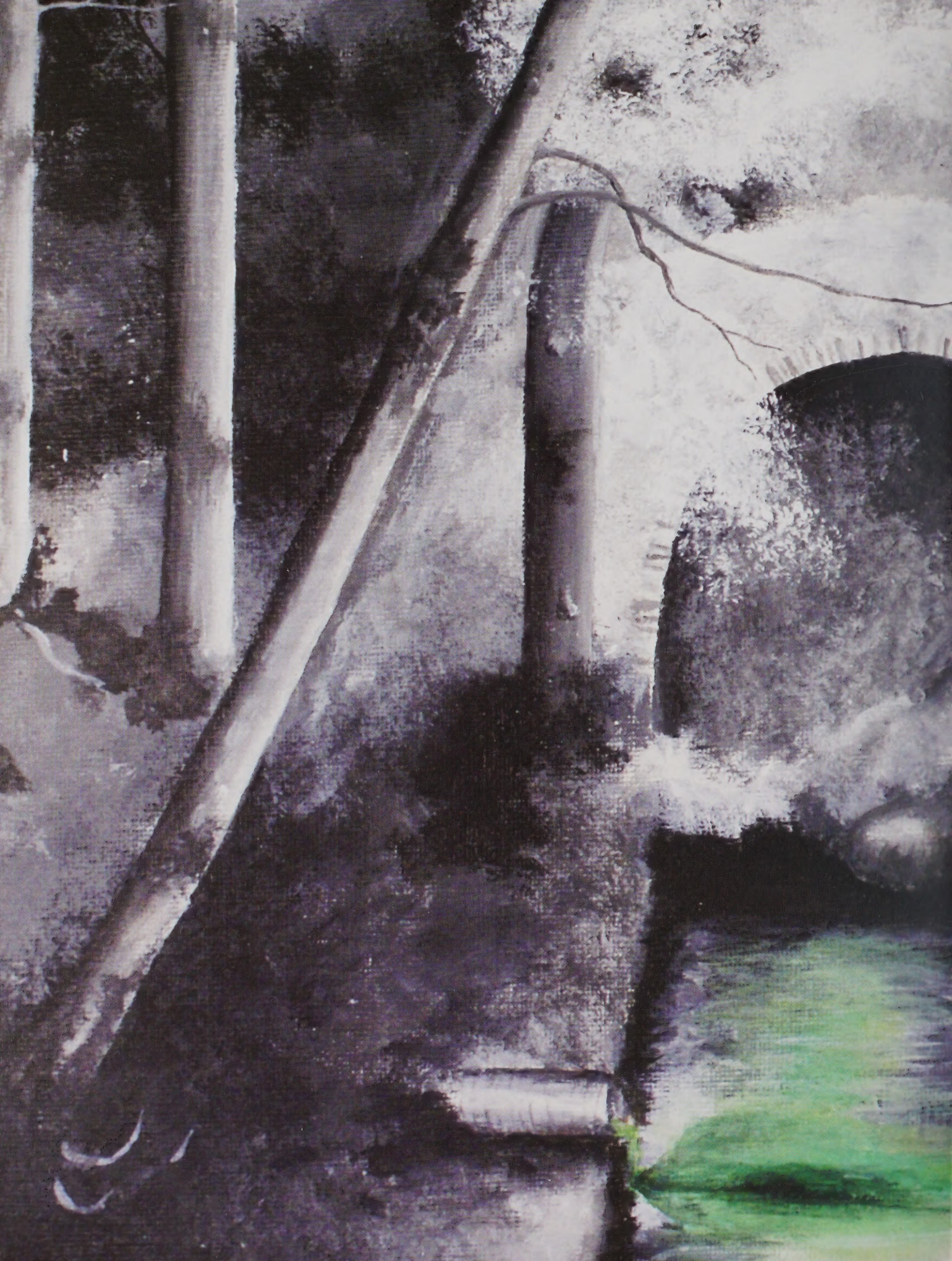




the
Register
winter 2012



the Register

WINTER ISSUE ■ VOLUME CXXXIII

2012

The Register is published twice a year by the students of the Boston Latin School. Students in Classes I through VI are invited to submit their original writing and artwork. Pieces are selected by the Editorial Board of *The Register* on the basis of quality, not name recognition; the writers of all pieces remain anonymous to the Editorial Board during the selection process to ensure that no one is given an unfair advantage.

The Register

WINTER 2012

THE REGISTER
VOLUME CXXXIII

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Vanya Zvonar
Zoe Li

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Sreeja Kalapurakkel
Lian Parsons

ART EDITORS

Ivana Ivanovna
Yiran Buckley

DESIGN & LAYOUT EDITORS

Rose Gallogly
Anumita Das

EDITORIAL BOARD

Paola Bennet	Van Pham
Aimee Chan	Anya Bella
Pooja Kalapurakkel	Sophia Sun
Helen Hsia	Nisa Thompson
Elizabeth Jiang	Katie Wang
Quynh Nhu Le	Andrew Yang
Eleanor Montgomery	Victor Yang
Heidi Park	
Grace Pearson	

ART ASSOCIATES

Jennifer Chen	Casey Moy
Anna Li	Cindy Su
Luyan Lin	Amy Yang
Lily Liu-Krason	Mabel Ye
Alice Mo	

DESIGN & LAYOUT ASSOCIATES

William Burnett	Jan Lui
Yinyiu Ji	Linda Zhang
Ena Kantardzic	

GENERAL STAFF

Heather Forbes	Lauren Yen
Lillian Hexter	Jane Zhao
Ivanna Lin	

FACULTY ADVISORS

Jeff Mikalitis
Jonathan Mulhern

The Register would like to thank the Boston Latin School Association for their utmost dedication and financial support in celebrating quality student artwork and writing

SPECIAL THANKS

table of contents

7	TREE TRUNK ALICE LI, IV · <i>art</i>
8	UNTITLED FRANCESCA VIOLICH, III · <i>art</i>
9	CONFUSION FISH OONA CULLEN, II · <i>prose</i>
10	CMB'S PRIMROSE FAIRY ROSE GALLOGLY · <i>art</i>
11	LANDSCAPE OF THE MIND NHU LE, II · <i>prose</i>
12	UNTITLED ANLI XIANG, IV · <i>art</i>
13	ESTEBAN LIAN PARSONS, III · <i>poetry</i>
14	DIG MIKE CRONIN, II · <i>prose</i>
16	COME IN LIAN PARSONS, III · <i>prose</i>
18	STUDY OF «SAILBOATS» BY MONET EMILY CHANG, I · <i>art</i>
19	ANACHRONISM JULIA PAN, IV · <i>art</i>
20	THOUGH FOOTPRINTS JANE ZHAO, III · <i>poetry</i>
22	SMALL STEP, BIG LEAP LILY LIU-KRASON, I · <i>art</i>
23	PAST. PRESENT. FUTURE. JENNY PHAM, II · <i>poetry</i>
24	MALBOROS ARIANA ULE, II · <i>prose</i>
26	\$1 TOY GLASSES JENNY LI, III · <i>art</i>
27	WINE AND SPIRITS ANONYMOUS · <i>prose</i>
29	CHRISTOPHER'S CLASSMATE AMMANY TY, II · <i>prose</i>
30	THE MONSTERS PAOLA BENNET, I · <i>poetry</i>
31	TODAY BEAUTY IS OUR CRIME JOE SOTO, III · <i>art</i>

table of contents

THIS IS LOVE JENNY PHAM, II · <i>prose</i>	32
STUDY OF A SCHMIDT PAINTING (PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN) EMILY CHANG, I · <i>art</i>	34
IN THE STUDIO LILO GINARTE, I · <i>art</i>	35
THE ONLY PROBLEM ANNA MCCOGLAN, II · <i>prose</i>	36
SHELF LIFE EMILY WHITE, I · <i>art</i>	38
JAR OF LIGHT AMY YANG, III · <i>art</i>	39
I WANT TO BE LITTLE AGAIN LILY LIU-KRASON, I · <i>prose</i>	40
UNTITLED ENA KANTARDZIC, II · <i>art</i>	41
FIGMENT KARA JOYCE, I · <i>prose</i>	42
THE PARK ROSE GALLOGLY, I · <i>art</i>	45
UNTITLED GRACE PEARSON, II · <i>art</i>	46
THINK BIG DREAM BIG LISA BOYD, I · <i>prose</i>	47
GOODBYE AGAIN MARIA GUZMAN, II · <i>prose</i>	48
THE BASEMENT AURELIA PAQUETTE, II · <i>art</i>	49
FLIGHT ALEX YUAN, II · <i>art</i>	50
MOST OF ALL JANE ZHAO, III · <i>prose</i>	51
HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN WATCHING YIRAN BUCKLEY, II · <i>art</i>	52
LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT, LOOK TO YOUR LEFT ANNA MCCOLGAN, II · <i>prose</i>	53

outside cover

inside cover

UNTITLED, HILARY ROCKETT, IV

UNTITLED, JOANNA RAMOS, I



Tree Trunk

ALICE LI, IV • PHOTOGRAPHY



Untitled

FRANCESCA VIOLICH, III • DIGITAL ART

Confusion Fish

Confusion sneaks its way into the boy's susceptible mind, twisting slyly around corners, permeating the delicate tissues of his brain. His exhausted mind, replete with memories, haphazardly slips back to his first kiss, a childhood fair, some high school science class, sliding from topic to topic in a daze of hurt and misunderstanding, as the mind will. His shattered consciousness flickers between leftover fragments of omnivores and organelles and operons and osmosis. Particles of doubt and perplexity burrow into his thoughts, poisoning him with their invisible tendrils, and he wonders then at the dreadful, fascinating symmetry of biological truths and the way he feels at this very moment, as if from one severing declaration, tiny pieces of hurt are diffusing throughout his body.

He walks back through the gate, leaving the girls' yard feeling as a fish caught in a fisherman net. He is grabbing at the emptiness beginning to hollow out his insides; light-headed and gasping for air, for understanding, wishing desperately that he was abiotic and had never lived at all. Inside his traitorous, collapsing psyche he knows that these shallow half-wishes will never come to pass, and he is left with only painful asphyxia, no better than the unfortunate fish. His fragile lungs, as organs though previously unnoticed, now feel infinitely precious, and infinitely delicate all at once.

The fateful scene replays in his mind, over and over, his own thoughts inflicting more torture than even the girl has yet bestowed, over-analyzing each and every word endlessly, until the spinning combinations of "I can't do this anymore. It's just not worth it," reach his stomach and make him feel so nauseous that he gives up on resisting gravity, letting himself fall, as gracelessly as a marionette whose strings have been unceremoniously chopped, onto the unforgiving curb. He thinks again about the poor fish in its net of suffering, about how he needs new shoes, and a haircut, and a new town, and a new life. He thinks about anything, anything to keep images of the girl from his mind. Anything but her peroxide hair, its false whiteness making her seem somehow ethereal. Anything but her challenging red-rimmed

eyes, lined with endless strokes of sticky black eyeliner. Anything but her abrasive smoker's laugh, which, if he was the cause, had always made him feel invincible. Anything to make him forget just how many pieces she has ripped his heart into, and just how bored she sounded doing it.

He is the fish, destined always for the net of the unaffected fisherman, and he is lost in the abyssal zone of his crippled heart, wondering if he will ever feel whole again. He throws one last glance in the direction of her crumbling, gray-shingled house, as he pulls himself up and turns away. He tentatively takes a step, and then another, moving away from his memories, away from her. He feels the separation acutely, feels her physical presence leaving his life forever, and as he does, he feels a tiny prick of something that feels a little bit like relief.

— Oona Cullen, II



CMB's Primrose Fairy

ROSE GALLOGLY, I • GRAPHITE



IO

THE REGISTER

| winter 2012

landscape of the mind

I'm telling you to:
Section my brain.
Walk along the connector neurons,
Pass the thick skull, the selectively permeating folds of membrane,
Linger
At the hippocampus's rippling surface, the
pockmarked hands, lurking faces,
clips of music and stowed-away expressions,
patchwork-framed,
but
Bypass even that. Step
into my gray matter.
See the impulses smashing to dust between the synapses,
And uncover my counterpart curled in their crevices.
Stay awhile.

— Nhu Le, II





Untitled

ANLI XIANG, IV • COLORED PENCIL

Mystery from the fathoms of blue,
He was born and will die
In, by, with the water.
Dragged from the sea
By the foamed tide,
Adorned with coral,
Glistening like so many waves.
He breathes the salty sunset sand
Of a beach of a town where
Nothing happens.
The villagers come to him,
Truss him in fine clothing,
Shedding tears and stories over his great body,
Their simple hearts glad to do something, anything,
Never having seen something so beautiful.
They name him Esteban.
He has never known any other name.
As they send him off, back to his ocean,
His majestic body sinking slowly, slowly,
Down and down.
He is a child of the waves,
Grand lofty lover of the deep.

(inspired by "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World" by Gabriel García Márquez)

Esteban

— Lian Parsons, III

DIG

Everyone in Sloan was dead except for the grave digger. There was no trace of violence; no sign of disease, famine or panic. They had simply perished where they stood, leaving the table set for dinner and fires burning in their hearths. The Tumblewood's home had burned to the ground, and there was no remnant of their bodies, but the Digger searched for them anyway. Others had been mauled by various animals and hauled off to feed some wretched horde in the woods. He searched for those, too.

The man had woken up in the fall, as he always did, at dawn. There was no alarm to startle him; no crow to stir him up. He simply arose at the first light and went about his duties with the same unwavering diligence as on any particular day. He kindled the fire and lit the stove—the old furnace had died long ago—and cracked an egg over the frying pan. The table was set for three, but on that day, as always, he would dine by himself.

By seven o'clock he had eaten his fill, washed his plate, then lumbered down to the shed and retrieved the rake and shovel to throw into the flatbed. The Digger made his rounds that morning, examining the grounds of his cemetery and bearing down on every leaf and stick that riddled the hallowed land, so as to make it most appealing to those in mourning. He did this in the meticulous manner which always accompanied him in his work. He was a good caretaker, and took his job seriously—so much so that he was reluctant to hire any hands to help with the grunt work, save a young man by the name of Crowley who worked part time on Sundays. The Digger buried him, too.

By eleven o'clock the man finished with his employment, and being Wednesday he started up the battered pick-up for a drive into town. Sloan was a small place with few inhabitants, but even for a township of that size there was usually some amount of traffic. As the Digger drove toward the common, however, there was no sign of the typical afternoon congestion.

The man heard the first noise—aside from the choked cough of his engine—as he stopped at a red-light on Main Street. It sounded like a car horn, but droned on in an infinite monotone. As he drew closer, the sound began to dim and droop as if weighed down by some heavy baggage. He drew up alongside a large SUV, whose bumper was staved in by a fire hydrant that protruded from a nonexistent license plate, water spewing lazily from its end in dying spurts. The driver seemed to be praying. Her hands were clasped together on the steering wheel; her head bowed below them and limped against the horn. The incessant beeping sputtered and gurgled, then ceased.

The Digger moved on, and after a short while found that there was much work to be done. Jason's Bar in the town center stood quiet, its occupants having nursed their final pint well after the last call. The Police Department was littered with boys in blue, and by the time the Digger managed to get all of them out of their chairs and into a neat pile by the sidewalk, they had begun to rot.

When he reached the first row of houses, he pondered the idea of liberating a larger truck from the nearby dealership, but decided against it on the premise of larceny. The man piled bodies into the trunk bed—as many as would fit, without exceeding the junkers' load capacity—and chugged back to the cemetery to fill the fresh holes with their future occupants.

He dug in the morning and at night, so as not to labor during the hottest hours of the day. He reserved that time for collecting bodies and supplies. The work was slow, but the Digger got into a groove, methodically dragging, hauling and stacking as he passed each house. He marked each door with a cross as he departed so as not to forget the ones that he had already searched. The man was thorough, and not a one escaped him.

The digging was the easy part. If his collecting was methodical, then his grave digging was honed down to a science. He would shovel by hand, for lack of an excavator, and the earth gave way with a speed that ascertained the urgency of his enterprise. He laid them out in neat rows, even measuring the distance between the grave sites. Crosses would be added later, after the digging, but for now simple flags with numbers etched onto their canvas would suffice as markers.

By Saturday, the Grave Digger had excavated some three hundred graves and checked in one hundred some odd tenants into their final hotel. The bodies had begun to fester with decay, but he didn't mind. His hands were spotted with soars and gashes, and he had to make four trips to the store for new gloves, placing money by the cash register and helping himself to his change. As the sun approached its apex in the sky, the Digger paused in his work and looked across at the mass of fresh, brown graves. A bead of sweat dripped down from his forehead and lit on the end of his spade. He whispered, "Not with a bang, but a whimper."

— Michael Cronin, II

come in

Standing in front of my grandparents' house, I don't even recognize it anymore. Kids' toys litter the front yard. There are different curtains in the windows. The car is not in the driveway; the current residents aren't home.

I open the gate and walk through the front yard. There's the spot where I jumped into the freshly-raked pile of leaves. There's the place I threw up in the bushes at Thanksgiving. There's where I climbed a tree and almost fell off. I walk up the front steps and put my hand on the brass doorknob. It's unlocked; it turns, and I enter.

In contrast to the unfamiliarity of the view outside, the living room is exactly like I left it when I was five, like the times I'd go with my mom to visit her parents every other Saturday. My mother would sit in the living room with my grandfather while I went into the little sun porch to sit on my grandfather's huge red corduroy recliner and watch television. Sometimes my grandfather would take me down to the garage. I'd count the nutcracker collection, perch on the stationary exercise bike, and breathe in the smell of gasoline and well-used tools. The house always smelled of detergent, blueberry pie, piano keys, and the type of dust that collects on old family photo albums.

I turn.

My grandfather is sitting in his favorite chair.

"Hi, Grandpa." He smiles.

"I haven't seen you in ten years," I say. "You look great."

"You've changed. You're beautiful. You always were." I smile back.

"Does your mother have all the pictures?"

"Yes."

"Good, I'm glad they didn't get thrown away."

"She misses you, you know. I miss you too, but I miss the absence of memory more than anything else, I think. I wanted to know you more."

"Me too."

"It wasn't enough, was it? Five years wasn't really enough. And you never got to meet my brother."

"I know. And I'm sorry."

"I want you back by my birthday, okay? I'll come by and all the leaves will be raked into piles, and your radio will be tuned exactly how you like it, and I'll come in and make you lunch. I want that for my birthday."

"I'd like that."

He smiles again and I can see the man my grandmother fell in love with, the man she saw in the back of her memory before dementia took over and then she didn't remember anything at all. I can see the man my mother idolized, the one who was always there to fix things, to make things okay. I can see the man I wish I remembered more of than just hazy, comforting dreams of dust motes dancing through shafts of sunlight, and someone with kind hands and brown eyes waiting for me.

"I'll see you soon, okay Grandpa? On my birthday? Can you do that for me?"

"Yes. I'll leave the door unlocked. You can just come in. I'll be here."

— Lian Parsons, III



Study of "Sailboats" by Monet

EMILY CHANG, I • OIL



Anachronism

JULIA PAN, IV • PHOTOGRAPHY

Though Footprints (Only Last for So Long)

In winter, when I was one
and you were two—
(it was all in our heads, of course;
we were much older, playing games of
pretend and
make-believe)
we would build forts out of snowdrifts
drink forbidden elixir from fallen leaves,
hollowed trees, a cup of hands brimmed full
stop time like we could the falling of snow.
The flakes would soften into
sugar-spun marshmallow and clouds.

This made perfect sense to us.

In winter, when I was two
and you were three,
we would pull down clouds
and make a bed of marshmallow sweets.
The trees would whisper,
“make way, make way,
the princess is here,”
and you would be the prince because
you never thought yourself to be brave enough
as knight.

In winter, when I was three
and you were four,
I learned to save myself.
The trees welcomed me,
but I hadn't yet learned the lies they spoke—
clouds hardened
flakes sharpened
needles darted
I could stop time no more than I could the falling of snow.

In winter, when I was three
and you were four,
you learned how to be a knight,
and as you stopped time
like you could the falling of snow,
we drank the forbidden
elixir from our lips,
red like fallen cherries.

I always knew you were brave enough.

In winter, when I was four
and you weren't,
I ate clouds from the sky
and slept on sugar-spun marshmallow.
I made a tower instead of a fort
and waited for a knight to come save me.
I forgot the taste
of forbidden elixir, because though
you were always brave enough,
I was never.

In winter, when I was four and you weren't,
I wished I could still stop time
like we could the falling of snow.

— Jane Zhao, III



Small Step, Giant Leap
LILY LIU-KRASON, 1 • ACRYLIC

past. present. future.

He hated the rain
he said that it felt like
tiny bugs crawling on him
it reminded him of bad memories
Past.

Present.

Future.

I loved the rain
the feeling of slippery goodness
dripping down the arch of my neck
soaking the fabric on my shoulders
the heavy drops weighing me down
The chilled feeling
it helped me forget everything
Past.

Present.

Future.

We met each other in the rain.
He was swearing because he got wet.
I was laughing and crying
for an unknown cause, an unknown person
We didn't know each other back then
yet we knew each other in an unforeseeable way
Past.

We're fighting each other in the rain
he wants for me to go inside
I want for him to stay outside
For a moment we forget who we are
simply sponges soaking rain water
Present.

Our departure will be in the rain
I just know it,
Maybe because he refuses to meet my eyes
or because I can not return his greetings
we're two separate entities now
that bond that holds us together is gone
Future.

It is raining again and he's outside,
laughing
and I'm inside, rocking myself,
crying
He claims that he loves the rain
I hate it more than him.

— Jenny Pham, II

Marlboros

Winter had just started. As the trees started to shed their leaves, people started to shed their hoodies and sweaters for more substantial pea coats and down jackets. Shriveled brown leaves scattered the roads and sidewalks as frequently as gray clouds scattered the lifeless sky. The unforgiving winds blew both the leaves and the clouds around, altering their places but never the washed out gray background. Soon, it became cold enough to see your breath. The other day I passed by a circle of second graders who were holding their fingers up to their mouths and exhaling, giggling as their “smoke” lazily drifted away.

You stood outside with your face buried in your scarf, trying to breath in warm air instead of cold. With the way you held your coffee cup in one hand and cigarette in the other, I couldn't help but think you looked pretty damn cool. That is, until I remembered you were inhaling tar and rat poison. I remember asking you what it was about smoking that made it oh-so appealing. Yeah, nothing like licking an ash tray to brighten your day.

Similar things could be said about my own vices, I suppose. Drowning yourself in caffeine or gnawing on your finger nails isn't too much better. You've made a point to remind me of this several times. I always responded that I'd rather have a caffeine crash and the need for a manicure than a cancer diagnosis. You would smile; I think you just didn't care.

We decided to go see a movie one night. It was 7:00 on a Tuesday, so we had the whole theater to ourselves, minus the couple in the back corner that decided to waste money in order to make out for 2 hours instead of doing homework. I nestled down in my seat, back slouched, feet kicked up on the seat in front of me. My toxic blue slushie became a permanent fixture in my hand, finished by the time the previews had ended. By the end of the movie, I had fallen asleep twice, laughed once, and was still confused about the plot. You had laughed the whole time and didn't bother explaining.

We picked up coffee on the way home; I had essays to grade, and you had essays to write. The barista at the place down the street now knows us on a first-name basis, and usually has our drinks lined up by the time we walk through the door. This has saved me the breath of ordering the mouthful: tall double-shot Americano and a grande skim caramel macchiato; also known as delicious, overpriced coffee. As I walked back to the car, I took a sip, and in the process, burned my tongue and the roof of my mouth. The anticipation of the severely-needed caffeine high compensated for this.

I slid into the passenger's seat, placing each cup into its respective owner's cup holder. You immediately grabbed yours,

and before you gave me a chance to remind you of the warning on the cup, downed a mouthful. This was shortly followed by a dammit, and something about the semantics of the phrase “hot coffee”. I smiled to myself.

You were suddenly in a rush to get home. I didn’t object; I had work to do too. You pulled out of the parking spot and soon enough you were going 10 miles faster than the limit. I wasn’t worried, you always drive fast. We were five minutes away from home when I glanced at the clock. 9:29.

It happened like it did in the movies—slow motion, without any sound, and everything happening the way it was expected to.

I felt the car take a sharp turn. By instinct, I gasped. Not loudly, but just loud enough for you to hear. Our coffee spilled. I felt mine, still scalding, splash onto my leg. I don’t remember feeling it burn. The mardi gras beads hanging around your rear-view mirror swung at an angle that shouldn’t have been possible. Your pack of Marlboros came flying off the dashboard. I think it landed somewhere near my feet. I remember you wrestling with the wheel, trying to turn it straight again. We were under a streetlight. I looked up in time to see you. Your face was half lit, half in shadow. Your blond hair almost looked white. It kind of shimmered. You didn’t look scared, but I think you knew.

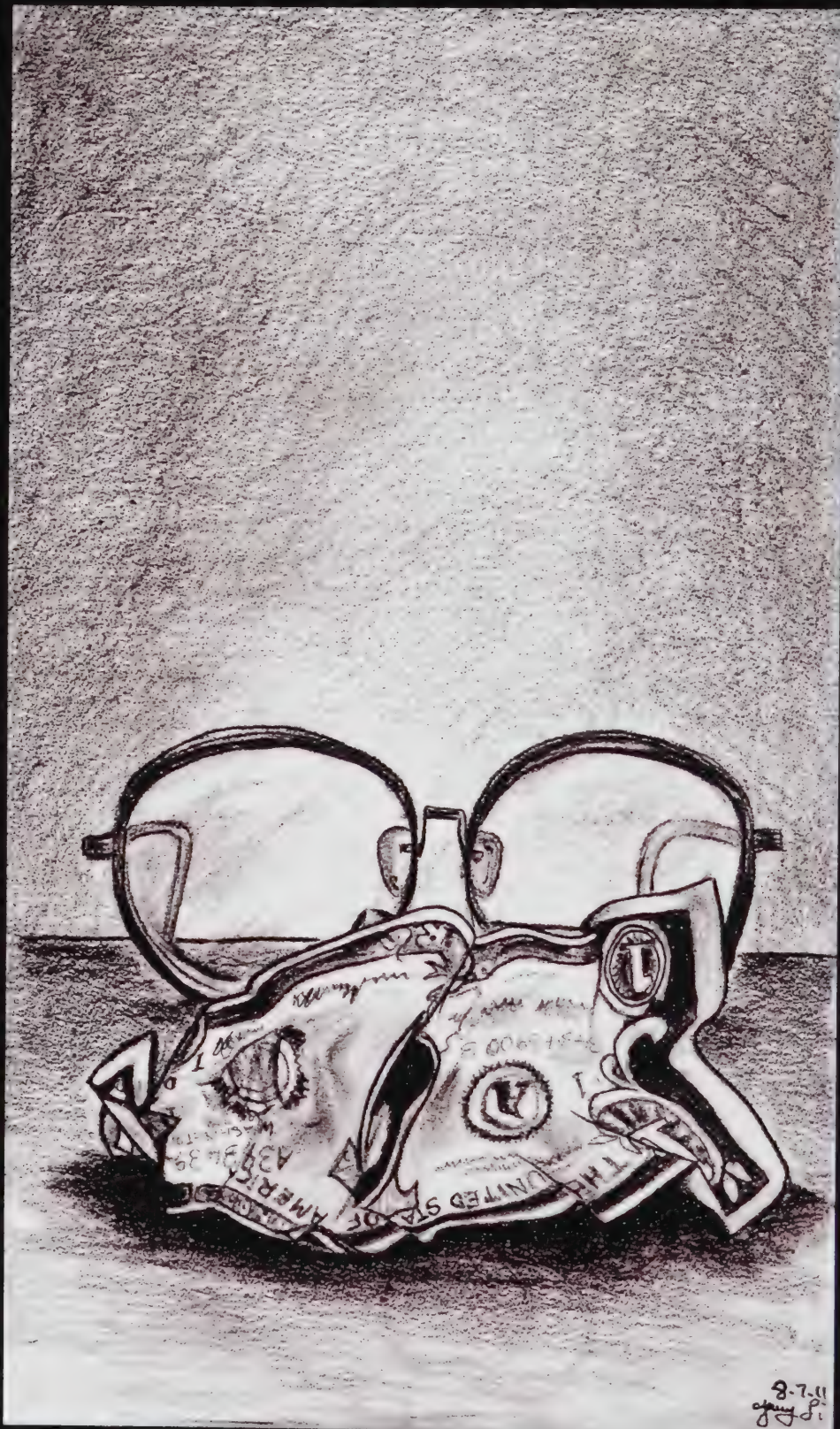
Then we stopped. I didn’t hear the windshield shatter. Instead, I felt thousands of shards pricking at my skin as if my whole body had fallen asleep. I felt my teeth grind together, and felt them vibrate in my skull. I felt the pressure of my knee hitting the glove box. I don’t remember it hurting.

Trapped beneath my seat belt and the pressure of the airbag, I was able to just barely crane my neck towards you. I smelled smoke. This time, it wasn’t from your cigarette. In my now-blurred peripheral vision, I saw the clock. 9:30. I couldn’t tell if that was coffee spattered on the dashboard.

I don’t think I looked scared. But I knew.

And I always told you it would be lung cancer.

— Ariana Ule, II



\$1 Toy Glasses

JENNY LI, III • GRAPHITE

WINE AND SPIRITS

“Wine and Spirits,” advertised the neon sign on the front of the drugstore. The top of the words was covered with a fine layer of ice, and snow drifted through the air with a cold, steady assurance. Though it was still early afternoon, the road was quiet, with only a few stragglers hurrying towards the warmth of home. An elderly man shuffled down the sidewalk alone, his leather jacket grayish and faded, whether due to the snow dusting his shoulders, or years of wear. As he walked past the store, he stopped suddenly, as if captivated by the glowing red letters.

“Wine and spirits?” he murmured to himself, brows furrowed.

Who was in the position to sell not only wine, but spirits also? Who had the power to sell happiness and good cheer?

The man made to walk into the store, to make sense of this outrageous claim, but was stopped suddenly by a tinkling laugh that broke through the muffling snow like a Christmas bell. He turned to see a young couple strolling down the sidewalk, their faces rosy from both the crisp cold and giddy happiness.

The man smiled to himself, an odd feeling of contentment trickling through his body at the sight of this young love, this true spirit. He was aware that he was staring, but the couple didn’t seem to notice. After all, what’s the use of being

old if it couldn't be an excuse for bad manners? The man could remember his own foolish youth, the woman whom he loved and the child that was his very own, his very own—

He closed his eyes, shutting away the memories, urging himself to forget. The past was best left alone, after all. The warm feeling was gone, and the couple that had brought it were now distant figures hidden from view by the smothering snow. The man reprimanded himself for letting his mind wander, and turned back towards the store with a sigh. Through the frosty windows he could see a single cashier, standing alone behind the counter, illuminated only by sterile fluorescent lights. And this was the place where they claimed to sell spirits?

But the man pitied the cashier, forced to stand there alone during this holiday season. Or perhaps he also had nowhere to go. Quite like the old man himself.

He hummed tonelessly to himself as he climbed the steps up to the glass doors beneath the neon letters. Heavy boots crushed the newly fallen snow.

A bell jangled as the automatic door slid open to admit the old man. Moments later, the young couple's happy laughter broke through the weighty winter silence again, carried back by the wind, tugging at memories long forgotten, or perhaps too painful to be remembered.

The snow continued to fall.

The red sign flickered.

And the bell rang once more as the old man trudged back outside, as cold and steady as the falling snow, a bottle of spirits clutched in his hand.

— Anonymous

CHRISTOPHER'S CLASSMATE

"Many worlds apart—that was the distance that separated Anna's mind from the others," was what ran through Christopher's thoughts as he sat behind the petite, timid figure consuming his mind at the moment. He propped his textbook up and fixed his frames on the bridge of his nose as he feigned a studious demeanor. However, with another tilt to his head he was back to gazing at Anna.

Her head was turned sideways now. Her chin was resting on the palm of her hand as her elbow stood fixedly on her abandoned notebook. She was squinting hard at an empty corner of the classroom and Christopher wondered if she was unraveling the world through the milky, brown ribbon road of her iris.

Too quickly, the bell rang, signaling for the end of class, as well as the day. Students sighed in relief and fumbled out of the classroom. Soon it was just the two of them, although Anna didn't seem to notice. She was busy organizing her books into a neat pile.

Christopher got up from his seat, deciding to leave the girl undisturbed. However, as if Anna were magnetically connected to him, she rose from her seat and the two collided. Books from her neat pile fell like thunder in the midst of the classroom's silence. They lay sprawled upon the cold, checkered floor.

Christopher stood, flustered, his ears painted with the bright hues of rosemary pink. Anna just gave a soft sigh and bent down. Recovering from his shaken steps, Christopher watched Anna walk past him.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed hastily and her steps ceased midway.

"Mmm," Anna murmured and shook her head. "It's okay."

Christopher's eyes followed her out the room until the last trace of her shadow disappeared behind the glow of the evening sun. Looking back down at her desk, Christopher noticed her abandoned notebook.

"Space Out," it wrote, and he smiled.

— Ammany Ty, III

The Monsters

We are all afraid.
Failurelonelinessmonotonybumblebeesclownsfirejellyfish
Breathe.
Bright
An absence of warmth
Voices grating and harsh
We were born afraid.

The monsters under my bed were classic.
Eyes with a red gleam
Armed to the teeth
Spikes and fangs
Dispelled by
Lullabies.

They have grown.

Failure glows in those eyes.
Spikes leave gashes of disappointment.
Teeth gnashing, there are ten thousand snarls of
You're not good enough.

Sitting behind a shield of bedclothes
Wielding a sword of will, of decision
I watch the horizon darken.
And as my closet door creaks—
Reveals a clawed hand—
I stand.

We were born afraid.
I will not die afraid.

— Paola Bennet, I



Today Beauty is Our Crime

JOSEPH SOTO, I • PHOTOGRAPHY

this is love

When she was little, it was always her and Papa. Every time she asked him about Mama he would tell her that she was gone. Gone to find herself. She didn't understand, but his eyes looked so miserable and vacant that she was afraid to ask for more.

December 31st. It was snowing furiously outside. She could hear the wind crying out to her, knocking on the door, begging her to let it in. Papa was standing near the fireplace, drinking something deep red in a beautiful glass. The flames created a glow about the glass, and it looked enchanted. She sat looking at him. He was beautiful. A lone tear ran down his cheek and hit the photo he was holding. He clenched his hand and the photo became disfigured. No longer perfect and flat. He threw it into the fire. As the fire ate at it she saw a woman, her face eerily similar to hers, only more angular. The shape and color of her eyes were hers. The chocolate color of her hair was hers.

"Who was that pretty lady Papa?" Deep down inside her, she knew the lady. Someone special and forbidden.

He sighed, closing his eyes for a moment. "My princess, she was my princess until she left."

"And you're her prince?" she asked, wanting to know more about this familiar figure.

"No, no I'm not... maybe at one point I was." His eyes painted with pain.

"Will I find my prince, Papa?"

"Yes sweetie, one day you will find him. And when you do... you must remember to give him all your love," he said, still looking at the fire where her face used to be.

"Papa, what is love?"

"Love is like this wine I have right here," he said, lifting the glass. "It's old and ancient. When you take a sip it's sweet and overpowering. But when you try to swallow it, to keep it inside of you, it turns bitter. It burns your throat. It makes you hazy and dizzy. Too much and it makes you sick, makes you do reckless things." His voice rose, each word echoing with untold anger. His hand clenched the glass so hard that she feared it would break.

"It sounds bad for you, Papa. Why would you drink it?"

Silence answered her. She thought that maybe he didn't hear her. Later that night he tucked her into bed, and as she drifted off into a new world, his words haunted her: "I drink it because I can't help it. I love the way it makes me feel, sweetie. She's gone, but at least I can still remember the way she loved by drinking this." Sighs followed.

• • • •

Over. Finally over. She tells herself that everyday as she swims in the endless bottles of wine. Yet it is never over. Never. As long as memories of him live, he lives. His laughter. His shadows. His footsteps. Everywhere. They haunt her. He's all around her. She is drowning in his essence. He is nowhere to be found.

Sips.

She loves it because it's sweet and old.

Bitterness.

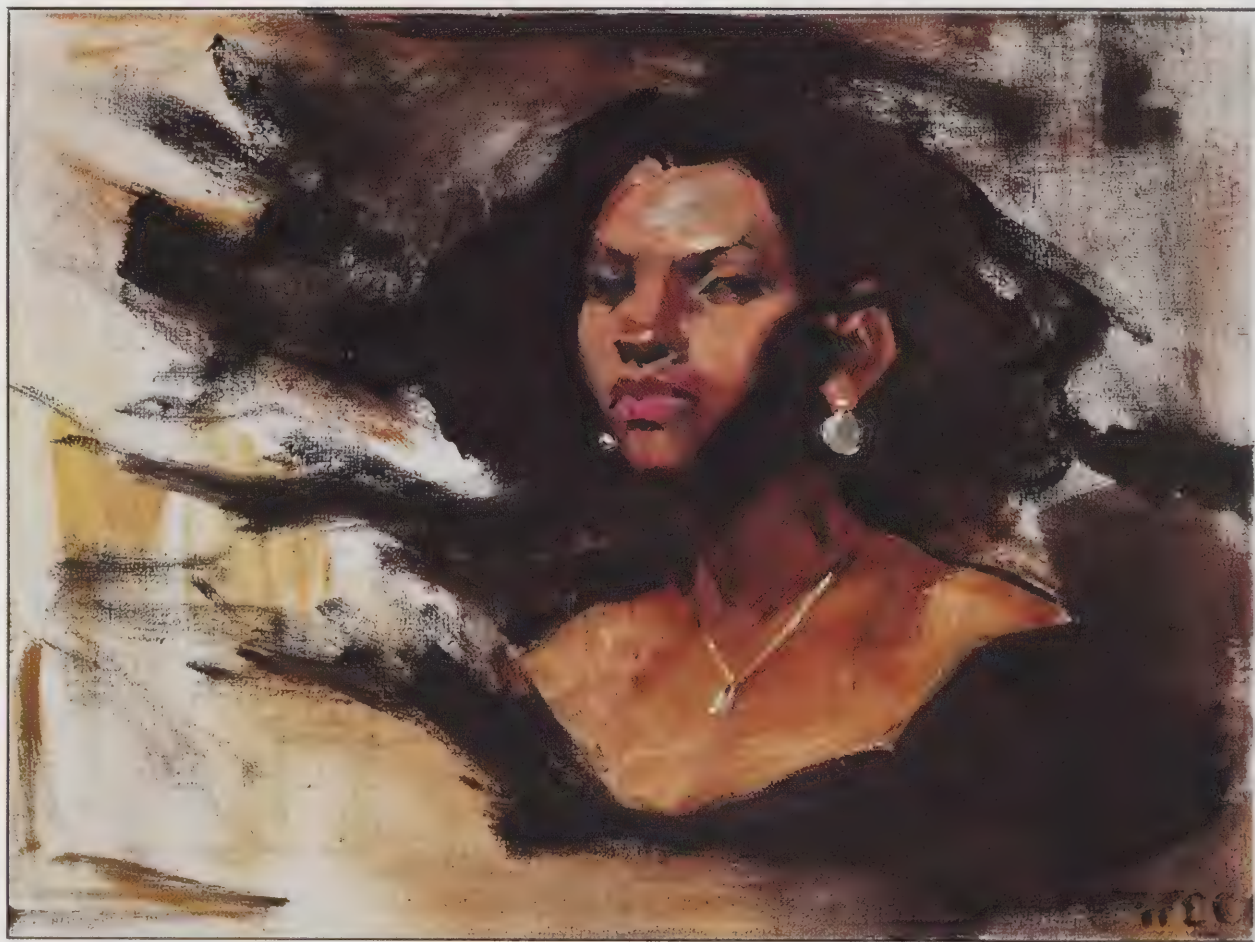
But more importantly, she loves the memories and feelings that it brings back.

Burns.

It reminds her of love. It reminds her of him. Everything is hazy. She feels dizzy. Trip. Fall. Crash. A photograph flutters to the ground. His red-dyed eyes look back at her. Staring. Mocking. Taunting. She turns away and looks around her. Empty bottles. Shattered glasses. Red wine. Vacant laughter rings in the empty air.

This is love.

— Jenny Pham, II



Study of a Schmidt painting (Portrait of a Woman)

EMILY CHANG, I • OIL



In the Studio

LILLO GINARTE, I • INK

the only PROBLEM

I observe these futile attempts at rebellion each Sunday night. My eleven-year-old brother is somehow consistently surprised that he is again required to leave behind his Legos and his sketchbook for the stifling atmosphere of his elementary school. So it has come to this point in my day when the welcoming and comfortable home in which I live forces me out, onto the street. What I need is a breath of fresh air. So to avoid the disapproving glances from neighbors that would result from my just sitting outside, I start walking. I don't go far. I walk in circles: large, seemingly unproductive circles.

An onlooker might describe my walking as purposeful, and it is in this disguise that I am allowed access to the lives of my neighbors. The first thing I observe is an elderly couple through a window. The blinds are up, making for easy viewing, and the exhibit is well-lit. The person assuming the role of husband is displayed leaning forward over the television remote on the table, in a state of perpetual discontent with the current situation, periodically changing the channel without apparent purpose. The woman I've cast as the wife is leaning back on the couch, resigned to a sort of pathetic and jaded acceptance of whatever infomercial her husband may choose to fall asleep to. Together they make for a lovely ode to the American family once the kids are off to bed or college or places not mentioned at dinner parties. A wide chasm has formed between them, a hole that their offspring, the byproducts of their sanctioned union, were supposed to fill; instead they merely served as a layer of leaves and twigs, a booby trap to be triggered by their eventual absence. And now they call sometimes, and in those moments our couple is proud, but it's hard for them not to feel empty in all the other moments, with their life's biggest project over, launched, completed, surpassing their accomplishments each day, and forgetting them more and more until the next time they read *Tuesdays with Morrie* on a long plane ride and their conscience is awakened for a month or two. Or maybe one of their friends will lose a parent and they'll be reminded of the temporary nature of existence, something they will convince themselves they have forgotten. And one day, when they're struggling with the resonating absence that goes along with creating children

who turn into people, they will drink too much wine at their long dining room table and (being a member of a more emotionally indulgent generation) will cry into the vanishing bubbles of their bathtub for the things they didn't know had to be said. And then it will be too late to call. But for now, our lovely couple just sits on opposite sides of the couch with their shades open wide, as if they wanted their story explored by someone, anyone. Me.

It is not long before I come upon a flower growing up from a crack in the pavement. A gurgling comes from the pit of my stomach as my body reacts to the unfortunately abused and recycled symbolism. It is hope. It is the contrast of beautiful and mundane. It is a reminder that we move too fast, that we talk too much, that we do not listen or look or pay enough attention. It was probably planted right there in that crack. And even that idea, that this miraculous occurrence sent by God or fate or Darwin to remind us of our failings was, in reality, a well-orchestrated plan to create something uniquely beautiful, does not sit right on my tongue. It leaves an unpleasant aftertaste of something borrowed: something that did not originate from this flower.

This flower, planted, exemplifies the things I am supposed to love about my neighborhood. This flower could very well be an advertising ploy. "Where the pavement meets the grass" is what the realtors always say. There is a way that living here is supposed to make me feel: safe, but a part of something bigger than myself. Instead, I feel a sense of guilt for the cleaner concrete used to pave our streets because if there is one thing we do well, it is paying taxes.

And I get a sense of people regarding themselves as having done it correctly, this life thing. I see people who do not recognize other cultures as unique manifestations of the human spirit, but as failed attempts at being them. That is the American Dream, is it not? To find yourself resigned to a safe community where flowers are planted in cracks of sidewalks and where you will one day find your child black-out drunk in a public park because you handed them everything; that is what everyone wants, yes? We convince ourselves of this because it has to be worth it. Our dreams should die valiantly, like the books say our ancestors did. My stomach continues to churn as I contemplate this.

I close my eyes, and all I can smell is waste: turf grass. It is the most prevalent plant in the United States, in fact. It serves little to no purpose whatsoever. It represents the suburban mentality I so detest. When I open my eyes and glance out at the expansive wastelands in front of me, I see only the vegetable gardens they could be or the eyes of the people whom that food could have fed. All that would need to change is the times. It would have to come into style. I'm not trying to wipe my bleeding heart all over this paper; it's just one of the innumerable examples of the ways in which the suburban class disregards practical needs for the sake of conformity. I needed fresh air, but couldn't sit outside. So, I walked. We need vegetables, but can't have big, gorgeous gardens in our front lawns. So, we buy vegetables in cans and from far away countries. Truly, it offends my cherished love for efficiency. And when I arrive back home and sit down on my very own lawn, swimming amidst my waste, I feel an itch come over my whole body, propelling me upwards and back into the house. I hear my brother's whimpers dying down and becoming less frequent, as if he's a bag of popcorn in the microwave and he's almost ready.

— Anna McColgan, II



Shelf Life

EMILY WHITE, I • MIXED-MEDIA



Jar of Light
AMY YANG, III • PHOTOGRAPHY

i want to be little again

I want to be little again
rainy day
Bright yellow jacket;
sunny day
wild dandelions;
Cherry flavors
Mud;

I want to curl up in a ball
I want to roll down a hill
Be silly
willy
nilly

watch spongebob

because amid all these complications,
age brings clouds and tangled webs
amid ambition
expectation
exasperation

today is one of those days where I want to be little again

— Lily Liu-Krason, I



Untitled

ENA KANTARDZIC, II • PHOTOGRAPHY

figment

What I imagine, you feel. What I decide, you do. What I think,
You believe.

You sit at a lunch table with those that you call friends.
They are not.

They say they know how you feel. The way you think. They claim to understand you.
They do not.

I grab my tray and brush by, my eyes glancing down towards you. You look up and grin. I continue walking.
You are mine.

I sit at a corner table. Away from everyone in the cafeteria. I watch you adjust your glasses and bend over your AP Calculus book. You're only a sophomore, why are you taking that? You want to be a physicist, a chemist, a famous mathematician.

I know what you want.

A friend of mine walks by and you tense up. Their attitude is not as endearing as mine. You watch them pass with wary eyes. Your friends ask why you're acting so.

I understand why.

You claim that you thought you had seen someone you hadn't. But my friend is as real as I am. My friend knows you as well as I do. I throw away my trash and follow you to your next period.

You do not notice me.

Your guidance counselor calls you to his office. I give you a thumbs up then follow you secretly. I stand in the hallway and eavesdrop on your conversation. He wants you to advance in school. He's speaking with Harvard recruits. They want you to enroll next semester. They're talking scholarship.

You want to go.

You see me again, standing outside the guidance office and you tell me the news. I tell you to go for it. You deserve to be there.

I decide you will go.

In September you sit in your dorm, studying for an exam. I knock on your doorframe. You jump at the slight sound then grin when you see me. You say you have something important to tell me.

You think your family is in danger.

You ask me for advice. I tell you what I think as I explore your room.

As I make sure your mind is still mine.

You mention my friend's name. I turn and tell you that you have nothing to worry about.

Yes, you do.

I reach into your fridge and pull out two drinks. I call for you to catch one and throw it. Your hand rises too late. You claim your reaction time is off because you don't have a chance to work out much.

I do not want you to work out.

As I am leaving, another friend of yours comes to the door. I do not know him.

I do not like him.

He starts as if to walk through me and at the last minute I turn, an annoyed expression on my face. You yell at him for doing that.

He does not understand.

I visit you often. If you need me, I appear. You share your concerns with me about your family often. You push away your concerns about my friend.

I know he is trouble.

You are sent to the doctor about your growing weight. You don't exercise much. He asks you questions. Prying questions. He sends you to a psychiatrist.

He will not help you.

You speak often about me. Sometimes you talk for the whole appointment. I intrigue him. He says he'd like you to show him a picture. You do not have one.

I am camera shy.

You grow distant. You become depressed. You do not wish to see anyone or do anything. But I am different.

I am there.

I try to soothe you. I try to make you feel happy once again. I try to help you find the problem. You quit therapy.

You are mine.

For months it's you and me against the world. You jump at the slightest sound. Whenever anyone, including me, comes close, you are wary. You tell me about conspiracies and other such frightening topics.

You betray me.

Your parents send you back to the psychiatrist.

They do not understand.

He locks you away. They think they can keep you away from me.

But I am always with you.

You grow distant again, this time only from me. You pretend that you don't see me.

I will wait until you do.

One day we run off together. They do not know a thing. We hide in the woods and you throw away every pill of your prescription.

And you are mine.

Soon you begin to fear again. You fear the unknown. You fear my friend.

You fear me.

You accuse me of things. Things that are not true. You claim that I am here to hurt your family. You claim that I am here to hurt you.

I would never hurt you.

I want things to be the way they were before. When you stopped taking the pills. When you still believed in me. When you were mine.

When you thought I was real.

But now you know the truth.

What you imagine, I feel. What you decide, I do. What you think,

I think.

What you believe,

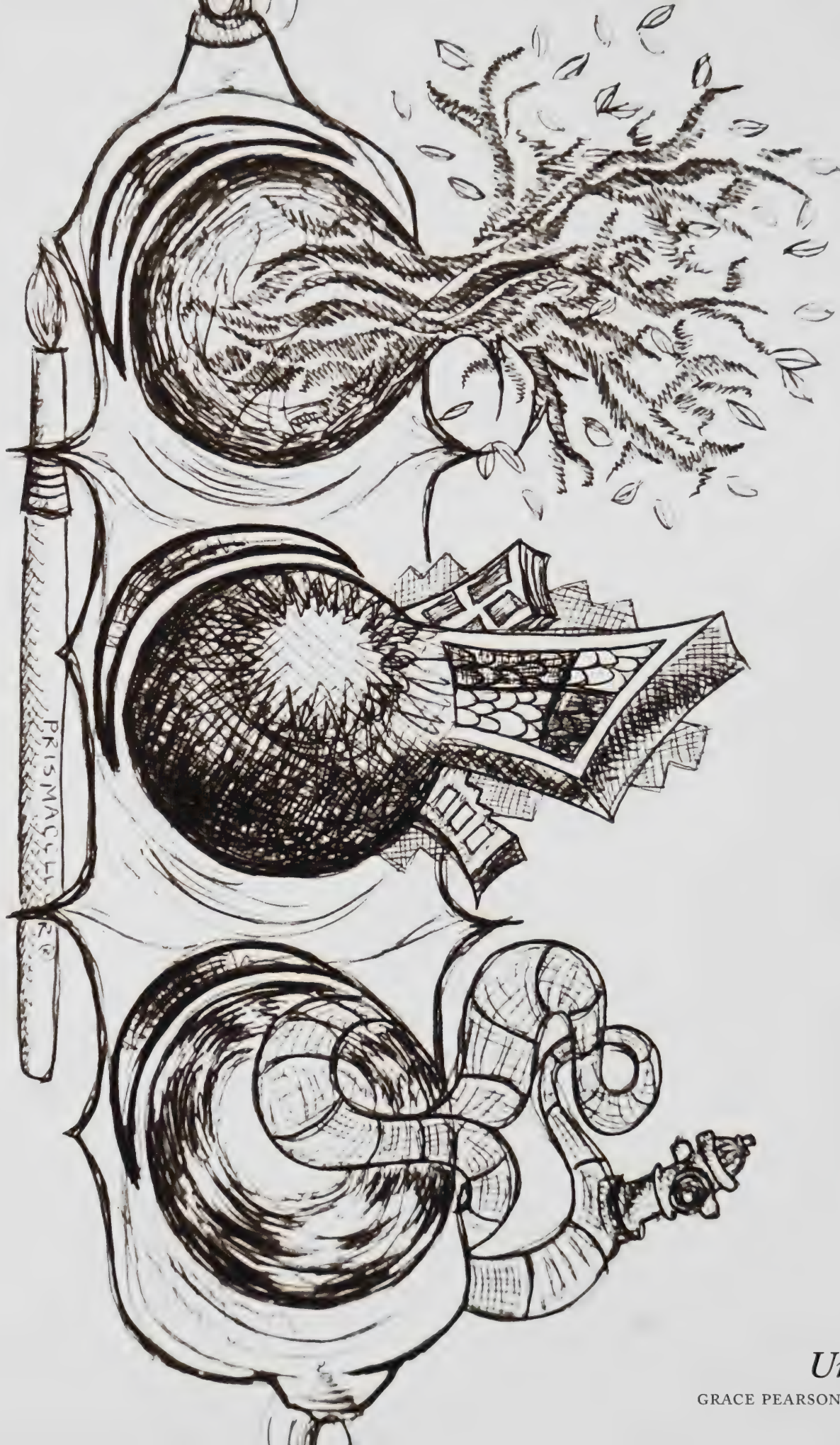
I make sure you believe.

— Kara Joyce, I



The Park

ROSE GALLOGLY, I • ACRYLIC



Untitled

GRACE PEARSON, II • PEN

Think Big, Dream Big

They say a good deed never goes unpunished.
Well a good dream never goes untarnished.
Thoughts evolving to ideas waiting to be published,
to be recognized by ourselves.
A best seller in our own minds
without having to rely on sold out shelves.
Our dream, this risk, becomes our responsibility
and our faith is supposed to be a guaranteed security.
Despite the obstacles we face that question our maturity.
The obscurity of whether or not our dreams will make it
will clear once we tell our hearts that we can take it,
because the world will attack us
and do everything to distract us.
In fact this global hemisphere
will approach you so sincere
only to whisper in your ear
“you don’t belong here”.
If you believe you don’t belong,
then you honestly don’t.
The world will find somebody who will
accomplish all the things you won’t.
And when you lie in bed thinking of excuses.
Like how you were left with some financial bruises,
Held to a stereotype you felt was mentally abusive,
No support from home so your own strength is left inconclusive?
The life you live you say to yourself you didn’t choose this.
But hold your breath and feel your heart.
Understand you need to use it.
And when you can’t hold it any longer,
when you feel like you’re going to explode.
Recognize your LIFE,
It’s all you’ll have left to show.
We weren’t meant to become numb
and capitalize our souls for the worthless things the world has to offer.
We weren’t meant to live in the shadows of our fears,
rather than our hearts our bravery becomes softer.
You’re name isn’t written on a tomb yet.
And if it was? Dream it’d be a monument.
Faith can not be broken by disappointment.

The hardest decision, made with the utmost precision,
denied of any external help, is to believe

...in yourself.

— Lisa Boyd, I

goodbye again

"I hate you more, just pass me the salad!" She shoved the bowl in front of me, spilling a fragile piece of cucumber. Squinting my eyes, I hesitated about whether I should make a quick throw of the cucumber at my sister's head. Through glares and stares and dirty looks, there was always love, I know that even now, but not that night. That night, hatred danced around our house. The table was quiet, and my mom asked us about our day. As my sister began to speak, I stared at my beans and kicked around my veggies with my fork. The most interesting thing for me at that time was how many times I could get my carrot to spin. I counted: one, two, three. I could honestly care less about my sister's day. Her story began about one of her friends who I couldn't stand to begin with. While I pretended to listen, I couldn't help but yawn and wipe the tears that my yawn had caused. Unconsciously, I also began to let out deep constant sighs. My head was placed upon my palm and the pressure from my head made my elbow ache. Now, I could only hear the distant tick of the clock. But then, my sister's heavy voice had disappeared. I looked up, suddenly thinking I had been asked a question. "What?" I exclaimed. My sister's curly brown hair was over her face and her narrow brown eyes were hidden. I didn't realize that behind those gelled curls, there were tears.

I looked around, confused at the sudden change in feelings. My mom looked away, her eyes bright red, an explosion of tears soon to come. I felt absolutely stupid for not paying attention and now I was completely lost. My loud gulp broke the silence. My sister's face looked up and I could see the trail of tears, her makeup smudged. I dared not ask what had happened. "You don't have to do it, you know, you don't HAVE to reenlist..." my mom said reluctantly. There. That was all I needed. My sister had reenlisted in the Army. I was so shocked at the news, I couldn't even react. My foot started to bobble and I bit my lip. The hate and anger that I always held towards her vanished. Something had mutated my emotions. Shouldn't I be happy, though? After all, I had wished for her to leave many times before...

The red beans and soft carrots did not look of any interest anymore. Automatically, my hands pushed the plate away from me. I stood from the chair and paused. I thought back to many years ago when my sister and I had collected coins, and this seemed to be the first thing I thought about when I thought of her leaving us again. She was like a coin for the U.S. Army; she had been rimmed and polished, stamped and used, but now, the United States National Guard wanted their coin back. I began to take back all those times I wanted her to leave, even though this was useless now. I felt my sister's arms tangle around me. This was probably the second time we had hugged since she had returned from Afghanistan. Now that she was leaving again, this would be the second to last hug I would get from her, up until today. "No matter where I am in the world," she said, "I will always love you." A smile appeared on my face as I saw her combat boots begin to ascend the bus that would take her to Fort Riley, and later on, back to Afghanistan.

— Maria Guzman, II



The Basement

AURELIA PAQUETTE, II • CHARCOAL



Flight

ALEX YUAN, II • PHOTOGRAPHY

most of all

You used to tell me that love was like gravity. We could either be pulled down or held up, but either way it would never let go. I used to believe that our gravity brought us together, two life-sized magnets drawn with the force of science, of physics. I learned to trust gravity most of all.

You pointed out once that the moon is forever drawn to the earth because of its gravity. You said that the moon used to be broken rocks until it got caught and the earth came along and fixed it. I thought it was so romantic. I learned to love the moon most of all.

You would be away for days on end, sometimes even months, but every night you would stay up for just a little while to look for shooting stars. You taught me that shooting stars would always grant your wishes, if you wished them hard enough. I used to see so many shooting stars in the night sky, and I wished on every one. I learned to wish for you most of all.

You stopped saying that love was like gravity. I learned that almost everything has its own gravity, and that it's not true what you said, that it would never let you go. Sometimes you have to fight for it—you have to fight for everything, nowadays—but most times you have to stay and pretend that you're anywhere but here, because even though you know that it's not gravity keeping you down, that you can escape whenever you want to, you're down because you don't want to fight anymore. You can't.

You showed me an article about how the moon was gradually getting farther away from the earth. I remember I cried that night, because there was no happy ending to believe in anymore. I wondered if the moon would go back to being broken if the earth ever let her go.

You were away longer. You never talked about shooting stars anymore. I began to see less shooting stars and more planes streaking lies across the sky. Every wish was one for you. I asked you once what it meant to wish the same thing over and over again and never have it answered. You didn't look at me, and said that maybe I just didn't wish for it hard enough. You forgot how to lie, and it hurt.

You used to tell me that you loved me, and I believed you. You never do anymore.

I forgot how to trust gravity, and instead of loving the moon, I hated the earth for letting her go. I can't stop wishing for you, because I'm scared of what it means if I stop.

You used to tell me that love was like gravity. So tell me, darling.

Are we floating?

Or are we falling?

— Jane Zhao, III



How Long Have They Been Watching

YIRAN BUCKLEY, II • DIGITAL ART

look to your left, **LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT**

What is this compartmentalized box?
With hundreds of people, thousands of locks
Tidal waves braces and awkward stages
Noblest vocations with feeblest wages
The fluorescent lights that make my skin pale
As the exodus approaches prepare to exhale
Hands reaching heights meant for aviation
Satisfaction of success by only your creation
Mistakes' reciprocation, a reckless notion
Dress yourself and your ideas for the business of education

— Anna McColgan, II





